

ROSE
LEAVES



BOOK No.

B 0a3o

ACCESSION

144553





7.
Katharine Hooker.
from T. O.

Sep. 23. 1902.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

a sister's memorial of an only sister

ROSE LEAVES

*A Book of
Remembrance .*

By Julia Osgood.



Mary Parmelee Osgood,

BOSTON

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1898

B
O s 3 o

COPYRIGHT
BY JULIA OSGOOD
BOSTON

144553

3 1223 02502 2857

*Thou still shalt be
Found in the rose and met in all the sky,
And from the Ocean's heart shall sing to me.*

WILLIAM WATSON.

ROSE LEAVES.

*Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.*

SHELLEY.

THESE "Rose Leaves" are memories of a young girl who at eighteen years of age stood at the threshold of a life of loving activity, when suddenly the fair prospect was eclipsed by complete loss of health.

She lived for sixteen years after her first prostration, sometimes getting back to the edge of life, breathing a few breaths of outdoor air, coming into touch with a few near friends, at other times lying month after month, and even year after year, in darkness and almost in silence,

yet always retaining her desire for usefulness, her love of mankind, her delight in the beautiful, her trust in God.

The aim of these pages is not to give a connected history of her life, but a view of her character, to flash out into the grayness of commonplace existence an idea of what renunciation means, and how it may be borne; of the power of beauty to comfort and vitalize when nothing but the dregs of life are left; to put a few of her sweet words and thoughts where they may be preserved, and, perchance, passed from one mouth to another. It is not intended to represent a flawless character, but to dwell on some of the ideal qualities of a lovely human child who grew to serene maturity in a furnace of pain; who, in spite of isolation and suffering, kept her youth so completely that to us she was always the "little one," always a young girl; who, after sixteen years of

pain and renunciation, bore a brow like the morning, not one line in its fair expanse, not one contraction about the much-enduring mouth, in which pain was overborne by sweetness. If in her life, as in most others, impatience and unreasonableness had their brief hour, neither face nor voice gave hint of it. The final story that they told was unresisting purity and sweetness moulded as so He willed by the hand of the Almighty.

We give these glimpses of what she said and suffered, of what she thought and felt, in her "shut-in" life, hoping that the faint echo of her love and courage may stimulate the love and courage of other suffering hearts, be they lodged in stout bodies or in weary and wasted ones, like her own frail earthly tenement. And, besides, there is the simple wish to keep her dear memory green.

CHESTNUT HILL, Sept. 18, 1898.

IN MEMORY OF M. P. O.

AUGUST 4, 1889, is marked in a few loyal hearts and memories as the day when a beautiful soul finished its struggle with a bitter earthly experience.

This life, more than others, was a hidden one, and its web torn and tear-stained. But interwoven with lonely hours of mental distress were heavenly bright moments of spiritual insight; and the nerves that thrilled habitually with suffering flashed joyously to the brain overwhelming sensations of beauty in the presence of a single flower or the light of one star shining through the sick-room window. And so great was the patience and so white the radiance that shone from that wan little face that it is but just that

the door of the chamber of pain be opened, and its light permitted to touch other spirits than the few who watched by her "mattress-grave."

"May" was her best-loved name, and one by which she was known to some of her dearest friends. "Mamie," "dear little Mamie," the brothers and sister called her at their mother's knee, and continued to call her to the last, when pen touched paper to convey to her the always longed-for words of remembrance, sympathy, and love, or when silent prayer for the little sister rose from their hearts.

HER BIRTHDAY, NOV. 20, 1854.

Her early home was in Brooklyn. There she returned from time to time, and there her earthly life ended. No babe was ever born into a warmer nest

of love than this little Mary. The father and mother, with strength and wisdom of affection, lived for their children. With the feeling that all must share what each enjoyed, the games and frolics of the elder children were soon modified to include the baby Mary, who was a loving little creature, with blue eyes so pure and beautiful that the mother called her the "star baby" and her "fringed gentian."

In a household where family discipline had its just place, Mamie was never punished. How could she be, when the motive power of her little life was love alone? The brief passions and sullen moods common to other children had no place in her child-life. She was sweetly, serenely happy and good.

At five years of age little Mary was fatherless, and at seven her beloved mother was taken from her. To her mother she was bound by ties of love and

sympathy not weakened even by the long separation of death. And, at the close of a lifetime of suffering, that dear name was the one most often on Mamie's lips,—the last as well as first word she uttered.

Before she was orphaned, this little child had entered into two friendships of unusual strength and lifelong duration. Friendship to her was a sacred alliance; and, though through the isolation of her suffering she was shut off from the world at large, she continued to the last to add to the small but faithful circle of those who called her friend.

Over the round-faced, happy little girl, characterized by the intensity of her affections, clouds quickly gathered. After the mother's death in 1862, the brothers and sisters were forced to live apart, and never spent even Christmas together for a dozen years. Family reunion was the goal to which all Mamie's life seemed to tend;

but, before its consummation, her health began to fail. An intense sadness came upon her, and deepened with her waning strength.

I see the dear child now, before her pretty limbs had lost their plumpness and the sweet face its roundness, sitting, one severe winter night, in a room without fire, curled up to keep warm; while to one sick in bed, and much alone, she read aloud, from the "Golden Treasury," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Ben Jonson's "Noble Nature," and other like lyrics that found answer in the nobility of her own soul. The half-moon forehead that thought perpetually, and the deep, true eyes, radiant with mingled love of the one to whom she ministered and of the poets from whom she read, are features of one of the fairest pictures of memory.

Born with a nature of pure unselfish-

ness, she gave in the last months before her illness sacred evidence of this rare virtue. For hours daily — far too many for a girl so delicately organized and highly strung — she read aloud, until exhausted, to one deprived of sight, and who naturally could not measure the hours during which she was ministered to, only those when she was left alone. All that winter, she was then eighteen years old, the health and vigor which had marked her earlier years were gradually wearing away ; but, when another less strong than herself became a member of the family, Mamie, to ease the invalid as far as lay in her scanty resources, nightly relinquished her own room and bed, and, with ever-failing strength of limb and ever-increasing distress of aching head, went for many weeks, night after night, to sleep as best she might at a neighbor's house. Such a deed in health is altruism.

To one weighted with incurable disease, who can measure the sacrifice and generosity it implied? When Mamie finally ceased this nightly labor of love, she was no longer able to take care of herself, such rapid strides had the illness made which lasted from this time to the end of her life, sixteen years later.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARIES.

Two of her little diaries, the last she attempted to keep, are in my possession. The earlier of these was begun sixteen months before the complete loss of her health. She was then seventeen. This is the first entry:—

Brooklyn, Jan. 1, 1872.—I do hope I shall be well *next* year.

Dear, brave heart, patiently putting her hope for improvement so far off! but it was not to be even then.

January 22.—I got up feeling better than I have for a long time, with more of my old, happy self; but I did too much, and by night the blessedness was gone.

February 19.—Studied some, not much, on account of my headaches. Oh, dear! they have begun again, and now no comfort for me.

Then follow the entries on successive days:—

Headache.

Headache.

Bad headache.

Head worse.

Very tired.

June 29.—Sick in bed all day.

July 1.—Had to lie still all day.

July 3.—Lay down under the trees, and also in my room.

July 4.—Oh, I wish I were well, and could go out and play and walk whenever I wanted to! Norwich is lovely.

July 15.—Pain. Alone a good deal.

August 7.— Played croquet, or, rather, watched the others play.

.

I am tired of having things go wrong.

I am a poor little goosie. If I only had mamma now, how happy I should be.

September 12.— Very tired of everything. The heart knoweth its own bitterness.

The summer of 1872, during which these lines were written, was passed in the country with dear friends and well-beloved cousins, whose bright lives she tried to share as much as pain and weakness would allow. And she had many a beautiful drive, and some merry hours with her jolly and vigorous young companions,—Will, Quita, Frank, the dearest of her cousins,—none of them more light-hearted than May when the pain was not too great. On September 16, the eve of her return to the city, she wrote:—

Alas that my visit must end ! Good-night,
dear summer.

The green fields and orchards of New England fed May's love of beauty, and were the source of much happy thought, so that she was not wholly conscious of her increasing physical disability till she found herself again in the city, confined within four walls. Soon after she wrote in her diary the following : —

RULES FOR MY LIFE.

First, occupation.

Second, occupation.

Third, occupation. Must begin to read something substantial.

Occupation became, however, more and more difficult, and at last, for long years, impossible. We trace in her diary the struggle to follow her "rule of life"; to study when the head was overtired; to

read when fatigue changed this former delight to labor; to occupy the hands when eyes and back demanded perfect quiet, while the brain refused to rest except when well employed.

“Occupation” was truly a necessity with May, for the twofold purpose of usefulness and happiness, and to shut out the sad thoughts sure to come at times to a deeply sympathetic nature even in health, and still more liable to gather and remain in hours of physical suffering.

The year 1873 opened less sadly than 1872. It is not till January 19 that daily entries of “sick” and “sick headache” begin.

Brooklyn, January 26.—A wasted day; headache all the afternoon and evening.

February 10.—Tired all the time.

March 2.—Read some in “The Galley Slave” (Zschokke). Finished first volume of Macaulay. C—— stayed with me while I

lay down — hum. Doctor came; gave more medicine.

March 3.— Uncle Henry and Auntie Brown came. It was a splendid surprise. They wanted to take me home. I am going as soon as I am well enough.

This was written with the elation of hope, but she never went.

March 4.— M. L. brought me two shaddocks. Slept on sofa; ate shaddock; lay down; looked out of window; doctor came. O life, how hard you are!

March 5.— Sick still; no prospect of being better. *Patience*, how much I need it!

Up to this time she went nightly, as has been related, to a neighbor's to sleep, relinquishing her own bed to one whom she loved, who had been longer and more severely than herself an invalid. And this self-denial — rather, this self-forgetful generosity — was continued till it became a

physical impossibility. This was in the spring of 1873, when Mamie was about eighteen years old. Her friends began visiting her as an invalid, and bringing fruit and flowers.

Now we find the solitary entry day after day :—

Couldn't go out.

Couldn't go out.

Couldn't go out.

March 20.—My days are sick, so I don't do much except lie down.

Then comes the single word :—

Sick.

April 16.—Fought with a sick headache all day. Succeeded in keeping it off.

Hitherto she had found consolation in books, and chronicled what she was able to read. Then came the last of her renunciations. The entry in her diary

for eleven successive days was simply this : —

Did not read.

Did not read.

It meant that pain should be doubly painful and long hours doubly long and sad for the dear child whose active brain fed upon itself when no mental food could be supplied through the accustomed channel of books.

Sunday, May 4, she writes : —

I wonder if I *can* go to Sunday-school. Sick child, alas, no ! I can walk but little over three blocks.

A fortnight later she could only take a few steps.

This was the last complete sentence in Mamie's diary. Entries of one or two words continue for a few days longer ; and then the weary hands ceased from labor, her life being summed up in suffering.

IN THE COUNTRY: THE FIRST SHUT-IN SUMMER.

May 16, 1873, Mamie was carried from Brooklyn to the New England homestead where she had passed many of the happiest days of her childhood. Here she was nursed through the long summer by near and dear relatives. The Western home with her brothers, which she had so long dreamed of, was waiting for her. Before leaving the city, her last daily effort had been to walk to the window to watch for the postman and the letter bringing the eagerly expected news that all was in readiness at Ottumwa, the chosen spot for the new home. When the letter, after weeks of waiting, finally came, May was no longer able to stand by the window and watch. She lay helpless on her bed. The long braids of soft brown hair had been cut off to relieve the

aching head; the transparent hands could scarcely raise their own weight. Nevertheless, her elder brother came from beyond the Mississippi to Massachusetts, saying, *Mamie must have her home*, and he would carry her there in his arms! But when he saw her lying on her bed, emaciated and almost motionless, his courage failed; for the doctor said the patient would die on the journey. So her brother turned westward without her.

A desperate struggle was made to bring May back into life. Every day, and twice a day when possible, she was placed for a few moments in an easy chair by the open window. Before her lay the quiet village green, where generations now dead or dwellers in distant parts of the continent had played in childhood. Here Mamie had frolicked with brothers and dearly loved cousins; and more than one boy had caught and treasured the blue

ribbons that slipped from her long brown braids as she ran laughing over the turf. Now the sick girl raised her head with difficulty. She looked out, and saw that autumn had come and the grass was flecked with the yellow disks of the fall dandelion, a flower she loved as if it had human personality. "How wonderful the world is!" she said. "I want to go down and pick one of the little dandelions." And then she could look no longer, and was laid again upon her bed.

She rarely spoke. Her eyes were closed hour after hour; and so she never knew that her own patient hand, raised constantly to wipe the poor lips, often wiped away blood. But there was "peace at the centre," and hope, too; and, I believe, in those long days of distress she had many sweet waking dreams of the home waiting for her in the West.

As she thus lay there patiently, her

silent spirit creating whatever of "summer-tide" crept through the closed eyes to the faintly beating heart, a friend who held an enchanted place in her child-life wrote this poem for her:—

I SHOW YOU A MYSTERY.

Mamie, your face I cannot see,
Your voice I cannot hear;
But for us both breaks at our feet
The flood-tide of the year,—
The summer-tide, all beautiful
With fragrance and with song,
Sung by the happy-hearted birds
To cheer the months along.

And so the mystery I show
Is this, all simple-sweet:
Because God's summer-tide so breaks
At yours and at my feet,
We're not so very far apart
As it at first would seem.
We're near each other in the Lord,
The miles are all a dream.

Always your friend,

BROOKLYN, JUNE 19, 1873. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

In October Mamie's younger brother came to her with the full intention of taking the brave girl to the longed-for Western home. But, after weeks of waiting, he, too, went back alone. The grief of this renunciation and parting cannot be written of. But there was no repining at her hard lot. She said to her sister, "I want to get well, so that I may keep everything from troubling you." And again: "If I ever get well, I shall be glad I have had this sickness. Everything looks so different to me now. Life will be so full for me."

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY: SNOW WITHOUT, SILENCE WITHIN.

That winter she lay in the upper room of a lonely farm-house, wasted, motionless, and with closed eyes, almost like one dead; but the sweet lips still smiled, and

she thought. Alas ! too, she felt with the full energy of a powerful nature. The doctor said she could not live many weeks, and might pass away at any moment. She was not utterly alone. There was one of her own blood close beside her day and night, who nursed and tried to comfort her.

Mamie was unable to turn herself in bed ; and her suffering body, once lovely in its curves and proportions, was so emaciated that it seemed as if it would break when lifted. When her sister bathed her, it was hard to keep the tears from falling on the pitifully wasted form ; but May never saw them. Her own eyes were closed by weakness ; and, when they opened, it was but for a moment, with a look of fright and strangeness at the outer world that had so fallen from her. Her lips almost refused to move, and her voice failed. Often in the night

her sister crept to the bedside, and, half-fearing that death, too, was there, took the waiting hand in her own, and said: "What is it, Mollie? Are you in pain, dear?" And then, if there was no answer: "Are you thirsty? Are you cold?" And the little hand fluttered a reply, but no words came. In a voice low as it could be pitched and not become a whisper, and with a pause between each word that the thought might not come too quickly for the fainting body and brain, her sister repeated hymns and songs familiar to the sick girl in her happy days of health, simple poems of childhood, Longfellow's "Sandalphon," Milton's "Sonnet on his Blindness," and Whittier's "Psalm" of peace and comfort:—

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,—
An April rain of smiles and tears,—
My heart is young again.

.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

.

Mamie's mind was at this time normal,
'open, generous. She was able to find

happiness in the joy of others. Into the life of an old friend who had seen many barren and lonely years love had come; and each letter from him, telling of the new light in his life, kindled answering warmth and glow in the heart of the girl whose own fate was utter renunciation. This borrowed joy made the brightest spot in that cold, strange winter of life in death,—a winter, nevertheless, in which generous thought, noble ideals, and warm love reigned in the silence within, while without were the fragrant pines, the pure frosty air, the lonely snow-covered roads of New England, and in the distance the pale amber horizon lights of mid-winter.

The silent girl's Mecca lay in the West: it was her promised land. She dwelt much in that still hoped-for Western home. Her thought in words would have echoed the lines Tennyson puts in the mouth of his "Ulysses":—

My purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the happy isles !

Her brain, keen and powerful as ever, did not want to be called to the surface. It increased the physical suffering. Sickened with hope deferred, her interests went back into the past. She wanted to hear of nothing new, not even a book or poem. Sometimes she could listen to but half a letter if full of the stir of the outside world, but would hear instead several pages of the "London Doll" or "Lazy Lawrence" or "Little Women."

Mamie had one comfort I hardly know how to speak of. Above all things, she loved to have reminiscences of her father and mother related again and again. One evening, as her sister sat by her, repeating as usual the tales of "old lang syne,"

Mamie said quietly, "Papa came to me last night." * The sister asked with equal calmness, "When, Tottie?" "In the evening, before you left me. He has come before," was the clear, soft answer. Theories are as yet of little worth in reference to such experiences. Facts are difficult to obtain. The words above quoted are copied from records made at the time.

Mamie's thoughts were so precious to the one who waited for them that all through that illness of sixteen years many of her sayings and experiences were jotted down, and are here given, not from memory, but from the pencilled notes of years ago, made by one who wrote of her,—

She is the most beautiful and precious thing life has given to me.

During the winter just described Death

* He had been dead about fourteen years.

was so near that he seemed an almost constant guest. But, when his shadow left the threshold, he did not take Mamie with him. Contrary to the physician's anticipations and predictions, after months of starvation and prostration, life came slowly and mysteriously back.

THE WESTERN HOME ATTAINED
SEPTEMBER, 1874.

Like a fragile old woman, this girl of nineteen, supporting herself on a staff, tottered feebly, but joyously and hopefully, into the sunshine. In the garden of her new and beloved home on the banks of the Mississippi she saw the violets rise from the sod and open their petals. She stooped and gathered them herself,—her own dear flowers.

While still too weak to sit at table when guests were added to the family circle, she lay upon an ample sofa in the dining-room, watched the new-comers (still strangers to her), learned their names and faces and voices, joined in the merry laugh that rose again and yet again, and at the close of the meal was ready to give her hand to those who came to her

sofa to make the acquaintance of the young girl so bravely struggling with her infirmities.

It never became easy for her to resume book or pen or needle; but, spite of aching head and eyes, she tried all, making one or two garments of soft flannel for the poor, reading a few lines a day from a choice book, writing a half-dozen precious words to those beyond reach of her voice.

There were one or two neighboring houses whose thresholds she finally crossed. And the crowning hour of all came when she joined in a Dickens party as Jenny Wren, the "Doll's Dressmaker," sitting curled up on her sofa with her crutches beside her. This part she merrily chose for herself, unconscious of the pathos it had for others.

WANDERINGS EAST AND WEST.

The history of the years that followed was of struggle to rise physically, and sequent relapse into helplessness, then again a trifling gain.

She made long and painful journeys, never for pleasure, sometimes from necessity, sometimes in search of possible health. At such times she could not raise her head from her pillow, and was carried from carriage to car, from car to carriage, in mute suffering. On a small sheet, in the form of a diary, I find the following fragment written during one of those periods of migration:—

I fear that I am losing strength. I try to be brave.

“On lip and brow sat hope,
While grief his spirit wrung.”

Heaven help me, the days are unendurable.
Ill-health and sorrow are poor merry-makers.

Rare, indeed, was such an expression of her pain, either by spoken or written word. She went soon after to a beautiful house on the Sound shore, where country air and outdoor loveliness did something to refresh both soul and body. It was a spot she had visited in health and where she was surrounded by friends. She was at once her true inward self, and wrote: —

I never thought to have this happiness again. Though flat on my back, I am strangely content. My Jess always helps me to higher thoughts; and her loving heart has uplifted me, giving me hope. I have stolen away from the world, and for a time mean to forget that there are such things as poverty, wickedness, and woe.

It is worthy of note that in this list of world-burdens her own particular trouble

is not mentioned. Her pain and sickness seem to have been forgotten.

A FRIEND WITH "HAPPY HANDS."

In one of her wanderings she made an acquaintance whose friendship gave her many bright hours. He was a young college student, who boarded where rooms were taken for Mamie. She was too ill to come to the table at first, but her sister was there; and the young student eyed her, and dubbed her "No. 1" at first privately to himself. When Mamie at last appeared, she was greeted as "No. 2." It pleased her. It was like the beginning of a merry game; and so this rollicking youth continued audaciously to call her, and in the correspondence that followed even addressed his letters to "No. 2."

Her new friend was through and

through a boy. He hung about May's sofa, begging for a sip of her beef tea, wanted to taste her medicines, and thought it delightful to catch up her warm soft shawl and wrap himself in it for a moment. His boyish joyousness was a tonic to her. They had also intellectual sympathy. This led to reading aloud, usually bits from Emerson's verse; and, when their friendship ripened into correspondence, he rarely wrote Mamie even a postal card without a reference to or a quotation from this their chief favorite in the world of letters and poetry.

Once, when W. H. was standing by the window, book in hand, reading silently, Mamie said, "Can't you read out loud?" And he replied, "Oh, no, not this: it is too beautiful." Mamie felt no repulse in this answer. She liked her friend the better for it; and he, on his part, soon found all precious things enhanced in

value when shared with this appreciative, hungry little soul. He told her night after night about the sunset, and begged to carry her where she, too, might watch it, offering repeatedly to wheel her in a *wheelbarrow*, and always making her merry in spite of her deprivations.

When their ways parted, W. H. did not forget his sweet and patient friend, but wrote her earnest, cheery letters. Here is a bit from one:—

As you suggested, I have read, and with interest, some of Matthew Arnold's "Mixed Essays." I have his poems, some of which I like extremely. Have made extensive additions to my library, and have been happy in reading a host of good books. I would give you a list of my reading for the winter months, but, if I attempted it, could not get the names on one sheet of paper. Wish you were in the city, that I might take you to the river or "wheelbarrow" you to the terrace.

That your life may be a happy one, that you may find real friends, and that God may bless you, is the prayer of your friend, W. H.

On Mamie's arrival in New York, W. H. sent her a hastily written card of welcome : —

Dear No. 2,—I am very glad to welcome you East. I shall call some day with a *wheelbarrow*, and take you up to the Park *via* Fifth Avenue. Sincerely your friend, W. H.

He sent her his verses, for criticism, and May was made glad by this mark of confidence. It drew forth her first attempt in versification,—a poem on Friendship, dedicated to W. H. It was many years after that I first knew of its existence. It also seems she wrote to W. H. in rhyme, for he says : —

Your graceful metrical letter reached me Christmas morning. Believe me, I was deeply moved by the pleasant things you say. You are too generous.

After 1882 Mamie was evidently unable to continue correspondence with this wholesome, hearty friend, of whose well-filled life she felt it a privilege to catch an occasional glimpse.

Christmas night, 1882, W. H. wrote a little poem for Mamie. It is the last communication I find in his handwriting.

His joy in life thrilled Mamie's soul. It was what she, too, could feel, with brain and hands well occupied. Looking at his own strong hands one day, W. H. exclaimed exultingly: "Oh, these happy, happy hands! They can do so much work." Mamie never forgot it; and in her papers after death was found this fragment of a pencilled letter written to the owner of the "happy hands":—

Does your memory need jogging as to my existence, I wonder? These days are full of memories for me, and I am grateful for them.

How are you, where are you, and what are

you doing? It is just the weather for those "happy hands" to be busy. We, No. 1 and I, are living in our old home. It is lovely now. The trees, with their tender young leaves and budding blooms, make a little bit of paradise for me.

And on the same sheet of paper, almost illegible, perhaps part of the letter to the owner of the "happy hands," are these lines, the heart-breaking expression of her loneliness and suffering: —

My dear Friend,— Sometimes I feel as if it were hardly worth while to write to you, your life is so full and mine so very empty. And sometimes I fancy (I hope it is only fancy) that you don't read all I write; and yet, in trouble or joy, I turn to you for sympathy, feeling way down quite sure that I shall have it in fullest measure. I am sad to-night. I want the old, old want, *something to do*. My hands are weary with this idleness; but how can I help it? They are so weak, and my poor eyes —

The sentence is not finished. It was written from her Western home in the eighth year of her illness, only midway of the hard course appointed her. She could not walk at all at this time. "The tender young leaves and budding blooms," the "bit of paradise" of which she writes, she saw only from her cot placed on the piazza facing the garden,—her beloved garden, with its old oaks, its fruits and fragrant flowers, among which she was never to walk again.

AT HOME AGAIN IN THE WEST.

Up to the seventh year of her illness, except when in a sanitarium, May had never had a hired nurse. In the years that followed she was cared for by trained nurses except in great crises, when she relied on her sister. In the hot summer of 1880 soul and body had a fierce struggle.

It seemed as if they must surely part. Mamie had reached the point of welcoming the once dreaded change. In the most terrible night of all she did not even moan, but was calm in the anticipation that death would soon be hers. Alas! there were nine more years of distress to be lived through. The strong youth, who was one of her loving, anxious watchers that night, married, became a father, died, and lay for quiet years in his grave before Mamie's release came.

Later that summer, when Mamie was still too weak to be talked to or listen to talking, and yet longed for some diversion, two of us sat in her room and repeated softly to each other, that Mamie might hear if she wished to, bits of her favorite Wordsworth poems. But, when we forgot a word, Mamie not only supplied it, but was so wrought up with the inspiration of the thought that she became

exhausted, and we were obliged to stop the recitation, so keen was her feeling for the beautiful

After long months of suffering, she again crept feebly up, at first on crutches, then totteringly trying to rely on her own impotent little feet, and then was again prostrated on her bed.

NEW TIES IN LIFE.

As years went by, and the family circle was enlarged by the addition of sisters-in-law, they had sisters' places in Mamie's heart; and they on their part were doubly tender in thought and word where the little sick sister was concerned. One of the new sisters came in 1883 from a distant State to Burlington to pass the winter, with her brood of little ones, in the house next to Mamie, that the invalid might have the joy of a daily glimpse of the

mother and children without the fatigue of a large family under her own roof. The first nephew was Mamie's special charge, "her boy" she called him; and her plans for his welfare extended into the years following her death. The little nieces were very dear; on her death-bed she planned for their birthdays that came after her funeral.

Two sweet children, with whom Mamie had no tie of blood, little Fannie and Mary, were loved by Mamie with peculiar tenderness,—the overflow of her deep affection for their mother, who was her special comforter and comrade alike in childhood and womanhood. No one could know May without becoming acquainted with her friends, they were so vitally a part of her life. Their names were daily on her lips and in her thoughts, though she rarely had the delight of their actual presence.

BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The sense of the world is short,
Long and various the report,
To love and be beloved.

R. W. EMERSON.

In 1877, four years after she was first stricken down, she chronicles a little drive into the country, one of the few she took for pleasure during the sixteen years of her illness. It was a year or more before a second and third followed, and later they became impossible. You shall hear a few lines from the letters in which she speaks of these, to her, rare treats:—

Burlington, August, '77.—Yesterday Mr. Wiggert took me to drive. O! J., I did enjoy it so much. The country was beautiful, a day on which “the genius of God doth flow.” I got a large bunch of meadow-pinks, and *was happy every minute.*

The next drive came a year later, when visiting friends at Northport, L.I. All the comforts and beauties of that hospitable home were called on to contribute to Mamie's hoped-for improvement. She received the same tender care that would have been given to a daughter of the house. May blessings rest on each of those dear ones who ministered to her so wisely and lovingly! The days at Northport were among the most hopeful intercalated into the calendar of her illness. From there she wrote:—

Northport, August, '78.—After the long drive through fields and woods, with the sweet country smells and sounds, I felt as though I ought to find my sister. This morning I have been fairly homesick for you. I have the letters you wrote me when I was so sick, and you were down here; and they bring back very vividly those long months of tender care.

' Having then the maximum of strength

she ever regained, she tried to take up her old love, botany :—

Northport, August, '78.—I have wanted you so much to-day. I have been trying to analyze the most provoking little flower. I have gone over it again and again, but can only trace it to one genus; and neither of the species under that one answers at all. I am studying botany mildly, and you can't think how I enjoy it. I am very, very happy these last few days, not for any special reason, only the world is so beautiful and your friends are very kind. I like to think that much of it is for your sake. . . . My head aches so badly that I can't write any more.

Nothing is more like Mamie than this little bit. She could be "very, very happy" even with an aching head and many temporal difficulties to contend with, simply because "the world is so beautiful." But, when head and eyes ached so that beauty was habitually shut

out, May became intensely sad, and longed for "the other world," which, as she said, finally became almost as real to her as this.

Her renewed study of botany was brief. I doubt if she analyzed a half-dozen plants. But one of the last privileges she relinquished when bound to her "mattress-grave" was the close examination of the flowers brought to her, the noting of form and texture of the various parts, which she loved to speak of by their technical names, and their general classification, if possible.

In the summer of 1878, notwithstanding sore mental troubles, she had gained strength and was full of hope for more. She writes again in August:—

Dear Jewel,—I have so much to say that I really can't collect my thoughts to say anything. N. is a fine fellow. It is delightful to meet with some one who thoroughly enjoys living, who has so much vim physically and mentally.

The next little letter, almost too sacred to transcribe, was written in the autumn of 1878, just as she was entering a hospital:—

My dear Sister Jewel,—It is hard to go just as you come, but I must. . . . This is just a little love letter. I hope the winter will be a very bright and happy one to you, that you will have some real gayety in it, and that you will not miss our home too much. . . . I fairly long for you. I had just counted the weeks till we should be in Brooklyn all together. Be a good girl, sister mine. The rose will welcome you for your little sister.

MOLLIE.

In midwinter she writes a few lines from the hospital:—

I've sat up for two hours, "clothed, and in my right mind." I have not felt so bright and happy for a long time. . . . I dare not think of seeing you, I want to so very much.

After this her way was mostly down-

hill. Three years later, in 1881, when making a change of scene, which it was hoped would benefit her, she left this little note of good-by :—

Don't miss us too much, though I'd just as soon you should a little. Be good to the little blue cat. I leave my keys and desk for you to take care of.

I go with little of hope or fear. Perhaps the change will shake off this terrible stunned feeling.

This was written on the eve of a painful journey. After months of complete helplessness and great suffering, she had again gone through the trying ordeal of learning to walk,—this time with crutches, and only a few steps in her own room. She was also writing a few lines with pencil. I think she was never able to resume the use of a pen.

Written just before Christmas, 1881,

some faint and crooked pencillings read as follows : —

I wish you would tell me where to get a “blind-board” to write on, it wearies me so to try to keep straight.

I am feeling better than last week, and hope for strength enough to enjoy Christmas, or at least *not to mar the day for others.*

Dear little girl, the mere anticipation of a pleasure exhausted the atom of strength she might have had to meet it with ; and holidays were generally her sickest days. On her bed of pain, tremulous with delight at the thought of Christmas, when the wished-for day arrived, she was often unable to see or touch her Christmas gifts till the day was past. Joy for herself grew less and less possible, till, at last, her wishes were narrowed down to the hope that she might not be so ill as “to mar the day for others.”

The next letters (spring of 1882) were written on such a board as the blind use when writing with a pencil.

. . . I have such a beautiful, *healthy* calla my Allen gave me for Easter. It is not quite unfurled, but opens a little every day. . . .

I made two little flannel skirts with my eyes shut. They don't do to examine, but I was quite pleased with my success.

. . . My calla is great company for me. It is a perfect beauty, and *so strong*.

. . . Yesterday I went to drive,—saw a robin and lovely green buds,—but it is a painful kind of pleasure. . . .

We have been very miserable lately, but are both feeling better. I am fairly homesick for the country. I shall try and exert every energy toward recovery this summer,—not that I have much hope, except to gain some strength.

A journal of Mamie's girlhood was found among her papers after she left

us. Having read a page or two, and finding it gave expression to the hidden beauty of her life and thought, I felt that it should be reserved for peaceful outdoor hours in the country. Closing the little book, I found written on the cover, "To be burned unread." So it was then and there added to the ashes already piled high on the hearth.

After May's death, her large correspondence was, as far as practicable, returned to the writers. Hundreds of letters were burned on her own hearthstone, in accordance with her wishes expressed or understood.

Among those loving Mamie dearly, and most dearly loved in return, was "Auntie." "Auntie's" influence was strong on her niece and namesake, whose home was with her for upward of ten years. They were much together throughout life; and, when separated, no pen wrote more constantly,

more comfortingly, and more affectionately than "Auntie's." None of these letters have come into my hands. Mamie was the youngest child of "Auntie's" dearest sister, Charlotte, and was loved for her mother's sake as well as her own.

Letters dealing with family affairs are unavailable for this sketch. So only a few extracts can be given, scarcely enough to indicate how infinitely dear she was to those who loved her.

The following note was written the first summer of her illness : —

June 25, 1873.

Dearest Mollie,—I have been thinking of you for hours, and yet have nothing to write. The fact is, I am not so overburdened with things to say, but with the desire to do something, or rather everything, for my little child.

I wished last night that I had great strong arms that I could hold you in whenever you wanted a change from your bed or sofa. If

days ever come when you are downhearted or lonely, it may help you to think what a comfort you have been to me, and that, however heavy my demands upon you have been, you have never failed me.

Every day I wish I were with you.

Lovingly thine,—

Vermland, Aug. 12, 1873.

Mollie darling,—This beautiful weather I truly believe is made for my sweet child. Do send me word, “little one,” that you are gaining fast. S. is such a happy wife and mother. She and G. write to each other every day. G. has just handed me his daily letter, in which S. says: “Our bairns are both sweet this morning, and I am greatly thankful for them and you.” And I am grateful for you, who are my little bairn.

Lovingly thine,—

Burlington, Jan. 1, 1882.

Dear Mamie,—My first letter of 1882 is to wish you a happy New Year. At dinner I had

a little package handed to me, done up in pink paper and ribbon, Emerson's "Birthday Book" from G., wishing me a happy New Year and the fulfilment of my *dearest wish*. I think it must be that you shall get back into the enjoyment of health and life.

November 22, 1884.

My dear little Girl,— You don't know how badly I feel to be so far away from you when you are in so much trouble. I do hope better days will soon come to you. I wake in the night, and hope you are sleeping and resting; and each morning I hope you have wakened to something that will make the day unexpectedly pleasant.

Brooklyn, June 17, 1887.

Dear Mollie,— I spent yesterday at Bay Shore, and in the swamp between the house and the water picked these flowers for you. The children helped, and all send their love. The *little bunch* I want you to keep on your pillow for a while, and examine, if you feel equal to it. There is a cluster of wild strawberries, which I

hope you can eat. The swamp roses are unusually fragrant; and, if you crush a few leaves of the bayberry in your hand, it will give you day-dreams of Quita and Middleboro.

With much love from,—

July 9, 1887.

Dear Mollie,—Here is a little bunch of flowers to keep by you till it withers. There is, first of all, the sweet mellilotus that grew so abundantly by the wayside in Burlington, then some fragrant wild roses, a bunch of green huckleberries, a red clover, two or three buttercups, a spray or two of the little blue lobelia, evergreen ferns (polypodium, I think), some tender sassafras leaves,—I believe they would taste good to you,—and some tiny sprays of mint, etc., from the woods.

I do hope you are better. If I can do anything for you, you must let me know.

.

Usually, flowers were to her an unmixed delight; but, when a bunch of *wild* blos-

soms was sent to her, they aroused, as of old, the desire to go out in fields and woods and search for these darlings of her childhood. "O God," she sobbed, "if I could only pick *one* flower!"

FAREWELL TO THE WESTERN HOME.

The climate of Burlington was so exhaustive in summer and so severe in winter that in 1884 the Western home was abandoned forever. No packing was done till after Mamie left, and everything stood undisturbed the day of her departure. After being placed in the carriage, Mamie begged that her head might be raised for a farewell look at her home, at the old oaks and the sweet garden which she was never to see again.

The following summer, the twelfth of her illness, Mamie spent a portion of the days in the open air. Sweet, wild New England woods lay in full sight just back of the farm-house where she boarded. She longed for their cool, beautiful depths. She had been an exile from their green shade more than a dozen

long years ; but she could not walk, and the jolting of a carriage was anguish to her worn frame. She was finally laid in an old chaise and drawn gently by loving hands along the wood path into the woods, and placed on a heavy wrap under the pines and oaks. She could put out her hand and touch grass and the small wild blackberry vines and winter-green and ferns. It was blessedness. That summer Auerbach's "On the Heights" was read aloud to her, and the reading shared with one who was greatly interested in it. When this companion went away for a week's pleasure trip, Mamie, who had no other book or diversion to take its place, refused to have the reading of "On the Heights" continued until her friend returned to share it again. To this day the remembrance of this sacrifice gives pain to the one for whom it was made.

“GOD’S DOORS ARE MEN.”—*Old Proverb.*

The winter of 1885-86, passed in Philadelphia, gave Mamie a new friend,—one who never failed to cheer, comfort, and uplift her,—the Rev. Charles G. Ames. Mamie, who believed in serving the Lord with gladness, and who would have even a funeral as cheerful as possible, was attracted to Mr. Ames quite as much by his mirth and humor as by his earnestness. On first seeing May, Mr. Ames turned his glance quickly from the little creature on the bed, and, to hide his emotion, said laughingly to the nurse, “She isn’t much bigger than a chicken: do you give her a worm now and then?” Later his sympathy bound Mamie to him in the closest friendship, and he said of her that she was the loveliest being he had ever met. His letters (they were not frequent) were balm and sunlight to her.

We will insert here some extracts from those received at intervals during the few years that remained to her. Here is one written eighteen months before the close of Mamie's life, at a time when it seemed impossible to nurse and physician that she could again rally. She was so very low that her friend wrote *of*, not *to*, her.

January 23, 1888.

Dear my Friend,—Your last note went to my heart, and made me feel like flying to Garden Place. But my public duties have been claiming all my strength,—and rather more,—else you would have gotten speedier response.

That our dear patient should be failing does not surprise me: hardly can I say it gives me pain; but I am deeply moved by it. Her extraordinary mental clearness after such long and exhaustive nerve-suffering affects me like a new illustration of spirit-force,—the triumph of mind over matter, and its distinct and *separable*



quality. With her, more than with most, I always feel myself in the company of a spirit, and a spirit of rare "sweetness and light." Even the peculiarities which have made it difficult for her to allow the access of her friends seem to have been physical symptoms, or incidents of her illness, and no part of her real self. I begin the week-days with a longing to hear from you both, and to be nearer. Indeed, I am trying to prepare for that worst which is yet the best; for how unspeakable must be the sense of release and repose, after so long a warfare with pain and weakness! Yet how gloriously she has borne it all!

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust."

.

I am selfish enough to wish you to whisper my name and a love message in the dear child's ear, if it still listens to earthly sounds. Tell her how glad and grateful I am that the day came when I could sit by her side, and that every thought of her is precious, and that I always feel sure of the unseen goodness that

encircles her, as constant and true when she feels it not or doubts it most as when the light shines clearest.

May there be deep and holy quiet at the centre, whatever trembling may disturb the circumference !

Hoping for some bit of a bulletin, . . .

CHARLES G. AMES.

Shortly before this Mr. Ames had made May a brief visit, and was deeply impressed by her fragility, spirituality, and calm endurance. He thought her remaining days were few, and said, "I think the little hand I saw will never hold pen again." It did not indeed "hold pen again," but for more than a year longer guided a pencil from time to time to form a word or two of love. May it not be that the next letter will carry as helpful a message to some stranger as it did to her for whom it was first written?

March 17, 1888.

My very dear Daughter-sister,—What can I say to you, as you lie there in weakness and suffering, that will be like a whisper of sympathy and comfort? Be sure I do not think of you without tenderness, and every thought turns into a prayer for your peace. There is a peace that is deeper than pain, like the stillness of the sea's profound,—

“When winds are raging o’er the upper ocean.”

I have found a phrase of Coleridge about “the mind within the mind,” and I think one compensation for this long illness may come from your being driven backward or inward on certain hidden resources that you might not before have found. Is it not true that every mind has “a door opening inward toward God”? To find thy inward door,—how much more it is than to realize all earthly dreams! So please do not strain nor strive to pray; but let your weary spirit rest in God’s sweet keeping, just as you let your weary head rest on your pillow. . . .

There is ever so much of *your real life* which is no more affected by this protracted illness than the firmament with its countless suns is affected by the storms which trouble the lower stratum of our earth's atmosphere. May the unspent Power, which holds in its bosom all worlds as its children, "make all your bed in your sickness"! . . .

Your loving and trusting friend,

C. G. AMES.

Mary dear,—I have been thinking about the difference between your situation and mine, and am surprised to find that difference so small. You are kept in the house: I can merely run about a large yard. Your curtains are drawn, so that you can only see a few things dimly: for me other curtains are drawn, so that I can only see a few things more. It tires you to raise your head: I can only raise mine a little way. My rope is a little longer than yours, but we are both tied up. . . . I often wish I could make your rope a little

longer, so that you, too, could run about the yard.

.
With affectionate respect,

CHARLES G. AMES.

The last letter of comfort that Mr. Ames sent to Mamie was written six months before her death: —

February 9, 1889.

. . . A pang goes through me because I have let the weeks and months slip away without sending you a syllable of all my loving interest and fatherly care. But, indeed, my will has been better than my behavior; and you can guess the excuses. . . .

How about *you*? That you have been passing through the shadow of suffering, I most sorrowfully take for granted: that you have still a certain inward or inmost health and courage, may I not take that for granted? If I could drop in and sit beside you a few blessed minutes, you would tell me all. And what could I

tell you in return except the dear old story of Love that cares for us when we neither feel it nor know it, as the mother for her unconscious child ?

Tell me if I sent a copy of some "good-night" verses ? Certainly I have sent something ; for I remember writing your dear name, my child. Deeply in the heart of your heart may there be a living fountain and a sweet song of trust !

Yours fondly and faithfully,

CHARLES G. AMES.

Mr. Ames's greeting to May the last Christmas of her life was a few lines from Victor Hugo : —

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she has wings.

BROOKLYN ONCE MORE. LIVING ALONE,
AND KEEPING HOUSE, 1887-1889.

To return to our slight thread of narrative. In those last years boarding was anguish to Mamie. With hyper-æsthesia intensifying every sense, so that the sound of her own weak voice frightened her, she could not live in a house where she could not control the comings and goings of both guests and servants, and arrange that everything should be done in a noiseless manner. The result was that the last two years of her life she kept house herself, alone with her nurses, from the bed in her darkened room engaging and discharging servants, ordering meals, and overlooking accounts. This she had for years desired to do, for the sake of the occupation ; but it had been opposed as a task for which she had

neither strength nor the necessary training. Her bills filed every month, her account books, her estimates of expenses, show that even without ordinary opportunity she had more than ordinary executive ability.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

This came with external darkness. The distress in Mamie's eyes increased to such a degree that light had to be excluded from her room. It was so dark that those who came to her, unless they had daily familiarity with the apartment, groped their way, stumbling over the furniture, and sat some minutes by the bedside before they could distinguish the faint outlines of the slight form lying there motionless. But Mamie's eyes took in light in such an unusual manner that from her far corner she could follow the hands of the small clock on the mantel, and tell the hour by it.

For three years before May died she could not walk a step nor sit up a moment, nor even have her head raised on an extra pillow ; nor could she turn her-

self in bed. The sheets and pillows were always spotless and unwrinkled.

Pale rose-color or blue or white sacques, with lace at neck and sleeves, were slipped over her night-dress, and the sheets turned down low, so that she could use arms and hands. Under the fold of the sheet lay, in regular order, files of bills and letters. When a receipt was disputed, she knew on which package to put her hand for the required bill. Her most precious letters and photographs were kept under her pillow. Her brothers' pictures were always there, for the dear brothers, whether present or absent, were the source of her deepest happiness: her warmest interest in life centered in them. And it was a brother's hand that supplied all that father or mother could have wished for their child. Flowers were a delight to her, and those given her by friends and attendants she wanted within touch as well as sight.

A waiter was placed beside her *on* the bed ; and there were frequently two slender vases of flowers standing upon it, in perfect safety. A single quick touch would have unbalanced them, but it never came. The face that lay on the pillow beside them was as calm and quiet as it was sad. The broad, beautiful forehead was unmarred to the last by wrinkle or contraction. About the sensitive, suffering mouth were no lines of impatience or distress. It was as sweet and firm as it was pathetic. There is another face like it,—not in any feature or detail, but in the blended strength, sweetness, and suffering,—where, great as is the struggle, peace triumphs. It is the face, not of a frail girl, but of a man, of another age and race than hers,—the Greek slave of Michael Angelo.

UNSENT MESSAGES.

Now you know how Mamie looked as she lay in the twilight of her darkened room, with her beloved pictures under her pillow and her flowers and letters within touch. These letters were inexpressibly precious to her. They were, alas! far fewer than she would have received had she been able to reply to them herself. Sometimes the answer was a few formal lines from the nurse. Sometimes May, with half-closed eyes, wrote in pencil the faintly traced, abbreviated words which straggled irregularly down the page. And the weary writer, fearing her scrawl was worse than nothing, did not send it. So it happens that some of these scraps of letters are now before me, and I copy from them:—

You cannot know how constantly you and C. are in my thoughts. I am quite ill, but fear there is no hope of release, or much help. . . .

Charley, Charley, my brother!

It ended here abruptly.

On another bit there is a completed note. It contains a thought recurring in her last years, when old friends grew silent:—

My dear Friend,—Why don't you write to me? I am losing ground again. If I could but know that all would soon be over, how deeply thankful I should be only God knows.

MAMIE.

On a card, the unsteady words almost crossing each other, I read (to her brother):—

My dear Boy,—The violets you sent were beautiful. I saw them *in light*!

You remember that light was habitually shut from her room to spare the painful eyes.

The next bit was written less than a year before she left us:—

My days are very quiet ones. I think much of old friends, and find it hard to realize that, while I have stood still, Willie and Edith have been *living* and making new memories and new loves for themselves.

My strongest interests are as they were so long ago, my brothers.

Let me thank you for your words of courage: for hope that life may hold some joy, although we've passed beyond the peaceful river to the rough sea of toil and strife, beyond the happy pasture of childhood to the long and sandy desert of —

It ends here without a period.

My Darling,— My first waking is a longing for home and you.

This must have been written when she had given up her home, and was vainly seeking health in strange places.

Some stray lines show that her thoughts ran easily in metre. I find what follows written so feebly that one sees it was alone lack of strength to continue the mechanical effort which prevented her carrying to a conclusion the idea which was clear in her brain : —

God's message of love
Sent for our help from above.
Truly, he works through his nature,
Choosing our most divine teacher
From out of the field by the farmer —

I next decipher in equally feeble tracings a little prayer : —

Dear Lord, earnestly I strive to serve thee well ; and still each day is crowned with failure, not success.

When unable to answer a letter, she

often wrote in the dark, a word or two on the margin or on the envelope, the name of the writer and an expression of love with it. The names of those dearest to her were often written again and again on comforting letters that she kept near her. On an envelope is this : —

My Darling,— I can't write because I can't.

Your

ROBIN.

With her heart bursting with love and her brain full of power, this was all she could do toward expressing it; and even this did not reach the eye and heart it was intended for.

One winter she kept a record of the flowers sent to her. It commences : —

A rose from Adah, a little bunch from Jess, Easter lilies, tall and beautiful, from Mr. R., etc.

INTEREST IN SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

I began to tell of the closing years when Mamie lay in darkness, with her flowers beside her, and kept house.

With her delicacy of form, her fine intellect, her refinement and nobility of thought, she was like the little princess in "Deutsche Liebe." Max Müller has unknowingly drawn Mamie's picture in that exquisite narrative.

She wanted to see the world move. She longed *to help* move it. She felt for the sick and poor, and was interested in schemes for the amelioration of their condition. She desired to have education in better forms extended among the people. Even as a child, social problems took deep hold upon her; and, commenting once on her own picture, she said, "It is full of sorrow,—sorrow for the great

world-problems.” Many gifts went from her sick-room. Boxes of clothing were prepared under her direction and sent where needed, her books circulated East and West.

In her weak state Mamie could listen only to simple stories. When able, she kept a memorandum of books read to her, a word of comment following each. I copy a few lines:—

“Clever Woman of the Family,” bright.

“Odd and Even,” wholesome.

“Heartsease,” helpful.

“One Summer,” witty.

Such a record aided her in the distribution of her books, as her custom was not to keep them, but to pass them on to others to enjoy. She was fond of Mrs. Ewing’s stories, and gave away many copies of them.

She could rarely receive visits from her

friends. They came again and again when she was in paroxysms of pain or too exhausted to speak or be spoken to. Then they came less often, and some ceased coming altogether. This was a sad mistake, for it comforted Mamie when she heard that the simplest inquiry had been made as to her welfare. She could not help feeling at last that many whom she cared for had forgotten her.

A KITTEN STORY.

Who cannot feel for every living thing
Hath faculties that he hath never used.

WORDSWORTH.

Mamie had one little friend, a dumb one, who was a welcome guest day and night,—a spotless white Angora kitten, brought to her when only a few weeks old in a lovely basket lined with old-gold silk. It was a Christmas gift in 1887. In remembrance of a favorite character in Dickens, she named her pet Mark Tapley at first, because in that hushed and darkened house it continued unsubdued and jolly. But, as the kitten grew from a tiny snowball to a sagacious and philosophical cat, "Mark" was changed to the more dignified cognomen of "Marcus," and his full name announced to be Marcus Aurelius Tapley!

Mark's home was at his mistress's side ; and he soon learned *which* side, for there was only one spot where she could have him lie with comfort : it was near her left shoulder, on the side where her vases stood. The pretty white beastie purred there in the daytime, touching his mistress's cheek now and then with a soft white paw ; and there he slept quietly at night. He shared the tiny bits of nourishment brought to her, drank from her saucer, smelt of her flowers, and, when there were carnations among them, insisted on having one for himself. He cared for no one but his mistress. When others tried to pet him, he dashed away from them and into May's room, sprang lightly upon her bed, crept purring to her side, and gave her some gentle, kittenish caress. He flashed in and out of that dark room like a streak of light. (One of his pastimes was promenading on the

mantelpiece, greatly to May's distress, for she feared the destruction of some of the fragile vases and other ornaments with which the shelf was crowded ; but Mark piloted himself skilfully, never made a misstep, and eventually was allowed free indulgence of his taste for bric-à-brac. They lived in a short street, consisting of a single block. Every child in the street knew Marcus ; for in the summer twilight, when the blinds in May's darkened room were thrown open, Mark took up his station on the window-sill, watching the passers-by and the groups of children still at play, and enjoying the evening air. Once or twice he managed to slip out and join the strollers on the pavement, and on such occasions the help of the neighborhood children was gladly accepted to bring the wanderer back.

' For eleven months Mark was his mistress's closest companion day and night,

and an unspeakable comfort to her. Then came November and election day. All the boys in the street were up and out early, doing their best to celebrate, and, of course, making the air vibrate with their shouts. That morning at seven, when the day nurse came, and the night nurse went down to breakfast, Mark, as usual, went, too, for his accustomed cup of milk and a stroll in the garden. Mamie lay in her dim room, half-dazed with the confusion outside, added to the fatigue of the long, unrestful night, when a sound came from the street below that made her heart leap violently. She cried to her nurse: "I hear Mark's voice. He is in the street, he is in distress. Do help him!" The nurse declared she heard nothing but dogs and boys in the street. Mark was in the garden, and was all right, she was sure. But Mamie could not be pacified. "It is my cat's voice

that I hear. Mark is in great trouble. Help him! Do help him!" And the loving little mistress would have risen from her bed, spite of her pain, had it been possible. The nurse was at last induced to go to the front door and look for Mark. True enough, there he was! The poor animal had slipped out to join in the sport that had looked so enticing from the window. The boys had set dogs on him. One had seized him by the back, and with a fierce shake broken it. Poor Mark never saw his little mistress again. For a week he was nursed in the hope that his injuries were not fatal, and then he was put out of his distress.

To Mamie, in her darkened room, the loss of her loving companion would have been heavy, had he died a natural death. As it was, she could not have a happy thought of him; and it made the outside world seem very cruel for a while.

Mamie would not take another pet in Mark's place; but the following spring, during a week of rain, one of the maids rescued a forlorn kitten in the street, and brought it to Mamie, all draggled and so muddy that it was impossible to guess what its original color was. The little cat when washed came out as absolutely white as Marcus had been. Mamie adopted her. The new pet carried her devotion to Mamie, and contempt or even dislike of other persons, even farther than Marcus had seen fit to do, thereby earning for herself the name of Xantippe.

Mamie adopted Xantippe only a few months before her death. As Mamie became worse, the little cat sickened. Finally, Xantippe left her usual bed at her mistress's side, and lay on a cot in the same room. Though Mamie grew so weak that words came with difficulty, she continued to rouse herself many

times a day to ask if Xantippe were better, if she had slept, if she had been fed, and just what she had had to eat. At last a day came when, though she still spoke of and planned for those dearest to her, Mamie was too sick and faint to ask for her little pet. Xantippe was dead.

The nurse said: "If Miss Mamie asks me about Xantippe, I cannot tell her the truth. I would rather say Xantippe is lost or has run away." Mamie lived only a week longer, and never inquired again for her pet. A day or two before her death she said to her beloved nurse, Addie: "You need not tell me about my kitten. I know it all."

Mamie loved animals, and kittens had always been her special delight. One of the last times she was able to sit up (nearly two years before Mark was given to her), she sat one chill summer after-

noon by a bit of fire, sick and lonely ;
but the blaze, the beauty of the outside
world that she caught a glimpse of from
her fireside seat, and a lovely kitten that
purred at her side, cheered and blessed
her. And the inward and outward of
the hour she wove into a half-dozen lines,
so sweet and simple that one feels as if
she ought to have given her heart almost
daily expression in metrical form : —

A little blaze,
A little cat,
A glimmering light
Through leafy boughs,
And what of that?
A little peace,
A little rest,
Some happy thoughts
To a mind o'erpressed.

THE REGENERATIVE FORCE OF POETIC IMAGINATION.

I must turn back to the winter when Marcus was given to May, eighteen months before her death. At Christmas that year she was in a very critical condition. For a length of time that seemed unendurable to those who watched her, her stomach refused nourishment; while her starving organs consumed, fibre by fibre, the flesh from her already emaciated form. She was hungry all the time, and burning with thirst, longing to drink, clinging eagerly to the glass with powerless fingers that could not hold it, then throwing the water off before it had more than cooled the parched throat, and suffering so that for a few moments it seemed 'as if she would never be willing to touch another drop. At this time, when her

voice was so weak that we had to bend over and listen to catch the faint words, she talked much, especially in the night. She said she "suffered the agony of a starving man"; and we knew, with nerves that had been on the rack for fifteen years, she suffered that and much more. With the long strain she felt her courage "oozing from her finger-tips." She wanted to die before she lost her self-control. Her prayer had been, she said in those long nights, that she "might die before disgracing the boys" (her brothers) by want of courage as her suffering became more racking. Hearing a man crying provisions of some sort in the street, she said: "It makes me so hungry I can scarcely endure it. I've been frantic for food ever since I was so sick."

She dreamed of food during these days of sore hunger, and sometimes it seemed to comfort and even refresh her. Her

imagination was pure and powerful. Through it she obtained alleviation when she was cut off from all outside help. After a period of quiet following vomiting, she said cheerfully: "Do you know what I've done since you sat here? Taken a bath and eaten a piece of fish."

One stormy winter night, when she was suffering greatly, she said that all night she saw "Stroudsberg lying in the fresh snow." She had been there only in summer; but, when the snow fell, she immediately pictured to herself the whole beauty of the winter landscape.

She did not shed a tear during this time of excessive suffering, and I never knew her to become impatient. She questioned her own conduct constantly, charging herself with irritability. "I'm ashamed," she said, "when I am so irritable; but, when I feel of my poor worn backbone, I'm not ashamed."

She wanted to die. "Will it last long? I am so tired." And, when told that she might rally, she said regretfully, "O Julie! and the cord is so nearly broken!" As her distress increased, she asked often if I thought the end would come soon, and added: "If you love me, pray that I may die. Not that I don't know how wonderful life is. I don't think any one could enjoy more than I, not only what is beautiful, but *simply living*. But my life is terrible." She said she should consider life rich enough, even if she could never walk, if she could lie on a sofa and see her friends. Darkness and loneliness terrified her; but even at this time she reiterated her belief that God never imposed a burden too heavy to be borne, if taken in the right spirit.

One of her beautiful night talks, when very ill, was in substance what follows, but in broken bits: "The other world is, in

a way, as real to me as this ; but I don't speculate much about it. The outside world is very real to me, too. Do you remember the scraggy field on the hill-side back of Thomas's that used to be blue with violets? Oh, I see it so often!" Then she repeated Wordsworth's lines :—

But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone.

.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

The last lines she altered something in this way :—

Neither has vanished from my sight;
They stay by me, a true delight,

adding, "Oh, I see that beautiful tree so often!" I thought perhaps she had the

Burlington oaks in her mind, and said, "Mollie, what tree is it?" "Oh," she answered with a rapt look, "no earthly tree." She told me that sometimes, when her confinement and pain seemed unendurable, she said to herself: "I cannot stay all night in this room. *I must get out of it!*" Then she thought of the country and green leaves till it seemed as if she could throw herself on the ground and actually bury her face in the grass. She lost all sense of four walls. There she lay in sweet living greenery, breathing free air, and was comforted and refreshed.

What she told me that night from her own experience, and while still in the midst of it, was on the same plane that Walter Pater touches in his "Marius" (which May had never read), where he quotes from Marcus Aurelius in regard to "the duty of making discreet, systematic use of the power of imaginative vision, for

the purposes of spiritual culture, ‘since the soul takes color from its phantasies.’”

When Mamie began to rally, and it was evident that, though health was impossible, she must live on yet longer, she accepted bravely the prospect of continued suffering, and, as I was watching by her, said toward morning, with strange sweetness and serenity, “I thought to-day I was like a tree that had grown out of shape, *but could still bear green leaves.*”

Death, however, she could not help hoping for; and in this connection she used to quote Spenser’s lines in the “Faerie Queene,—”

Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

GOD’S WILL IS OUR PEACE.

For several weeks she gained a little. Then came the great blizzard of March

12, 1888. That day she had four hemorrhages. She thought the end was very near, and seemed elated by the idea that release in an unexpectedly easy form was close at hand. She gave directions for her funeral. She wanted the room full of light,—of sunlight,—because she had been shut away from it so long; and children were to be there, if possible, for she loved them so, and yet had had to live without them. “And over me,” she said, “if you put anything, let it be this: ‘God’s will is our peace,’” — a line from Dante that she held much in her thoughts.

The end was not so near as we believed. She rallied again, and lived more than a year longer.

During that period two friendless young girls found a home and employment in her family. The elder one became her nurse, and, in the end, almost gave her life to May. The younger one thought

it "paradise" to be simply in Miss Mamie's house.

And Mamie, who felt an intense desire to make her life fruitful, said appealingly, day after day: "Do you think it is worth while to live if you can make just two people happy? Don't you think that is *something*?"

MAMIE'S STAR.

In one of the crises of her malady, she had said, "I write reams of poetry in my mind." I answered, "Repeat some of it to me, Mollie." "Oh, I am too weak," she said; "and I forget most of it by morning." Thinking that, if she gained a little strength, she might some time catch a flitting verse and put it on paper, I brought her a tiny penny pad, so small and light I thought even her little hand might hold it, and a slender lead-pencil, so soft that she could write without pressure; but she could not guide it, it was too heavy for the weak fingers. So we broke off a bit not much more than an inch long. One day in the spring of 1889, a few months before her death, she handed me the pad, with faint, almost illegible tracings on it. They were some

lines to the Morning Star. You shall hear the history of the star, and then the lines.

As you know, May lay in her noiseless room, enveloped in velvety darkness, which, in its loneliness and stillness, held in solution much pain valiantly borne, much love lavishly bestowed, much unwritten poetry, and, withal, a tincture of unquenchable girlish joyousness and of immortal youth, added to spotless purity and childlike religious faith.

There she lived in the mysterious darkness, which was sometimes awful, sometimes beautiful,—tragic with pain, vacant with weariness, or throbbing with joy born of a fresh flower or a loving word.

There she lay in the dark silence, with her purring kitten and fragrant flowers at her side, her letters where she could put out her hand and touch them, her favorite pictures hanging on the walls about her,

pretty keepsakes here and there. Some of her Christmas presents were grouped on a table near her, and kept there the whole year. She loved to know they were close by her. Her Christmas letters hung in an embroidered bag at the head of her bed.

It would have been a homelike, lovely room if the sunlight had shone in it; but the shutters and curtains were closed all day long. After sunset, when the twilight gloom had faded, blinds and windows were flung wide open, and kept so through the whole night, when the weather permitted. Through a break in the houses opposite, Mamie saw a narrow strip of sky, so narrow that it makes my heart ache to think it was all the heaven she had in this world. I know how little it was; for, after Mamie was carried to Greenwood, I lay for a moment on her pillow, that I might see my dear one's "scrap of sky," just as she used

to see it through the long night. For a few weeks in the spring, toward morning, a beautiful planet moved across this bit of sky. And now you will understand Mamie's verse.

MY STAR.*

(Seen from a bed of sickness after sleepless nights.)

A scrap of sky

Have I.

Great wealth it is to me,

Such glorious things

Therein I see.

The morning star

Comes from afar.

For me it shines so bright,

Brings me a heavenly light,

Sent from my Lord above,

That I may trust his love.

At the first blush of morning the blinds and window nearest May's bed were closed. The creeping light was allowed

* By kind permission of the *Outlook* Company.

to play a few moments more on the opposite wall, then that, too, was shut out. As the nurse was performing this office one early morning, Mamie called her, and, repeating a verse, said, "Addie, I can't write it: try to remember it till you can write it for me." And Addie, on whose heart all Mamie's words were engraved, remembered it and wrote it; and here it is: —

MAY'S HYMN TO LIGHT.

(Composed as the nurse was shutting out the early morning light.)

O lovely morning light !
Only a few bright rays may fall
Among the shadows on my wall;
And yet the gloom of night
Before them melts away,
And with my inward sight
I watch the dawn of day.

Spring of 1889.

These lines have been cut on the stone which marks Mamie's grave in Green-

wood, in the hope that even now she may speak to those whom she loved, but who seldom heard her voice in the last years of her life.

A trusted friend, who read the lines to the Morning Star, asked if it would be any pleasure to Mamie (whom he had never met) to see her verse in print, even if she were not paid for it. She sent word, "Yes, indeed!" There were so few outward successes in her life that it was a day of real joy when the *Christian Union* not only printed the little poem, but testified to its worth by paying for it generously.

THE FLAG SAYS IT ALL.

One afternoon in the spring of 1889, during the three days' centennial celebration of the Inauguration of Washington, leaving the gay and crowded streets

thronged with soldiers, draped with banners, and vibrating with military music, I went to May's hushed chamber, taking her a little silken flag. She lay on her bed, excited, almost panting; and, when she saw the bonny flag with its stars and stripes, she seized it, drew it over her breast, and crossed her hands upon it, saying: "Oh, this is just what I wanted! I heard the cannon firing; and I tried to sing the 'Star-spangled Banner,' but I couldn't. Then the guns made my head ache. I have been full of patriotism, and it made me wretched to have no way of expressing it. But the flag says it all: it makes it all right." She clung to it the rest of the day, and then had it fastened near her bed where she could see it; and there it remained till the room was dismantled after her death.

GOOD CHEER.

It is a comely fashion to be glad,
Joy is the grace we say to God.

JEAN INGELow.

She was grateful to any one who gave her occasion to laugh, and often provided others with the opportunity of doing so.

One day, placing on her bed a hat trimmed with large soft plumes, I went to the window to get a ray of light upon a letter I was reading out loud. Hearing a faint little voice cry, "Look here! look here!" I raised my eyes, and saw Mamie flat on her pillow, as usual, but with the big hat cocked ridiculously on one side of her head. She laughed heartily, and seemed to realize only the comical element in her appearance.

Her effort to be bright and brave

found its way into a tiny note written about this time:—

Dear J. O.,— Why don't you come and cheer a fellow?
MOLLY.

Dinner at one o'clock.

She had not dined for years, poor hungry one! but she never forgot the fancies of each old friend who did her the kindness to sit at her table. And often the bill of fare was wholly altered late in the day, that the favorite dishes of an unexpected guest might be provided. She lay hungry in her dim room, and really feasted on the thought that an old acquaintance was under her roof, enjoying some dainty especially provided for the occasion. When Mamie's last hours came, and no food had been retained for many days, an old schoolmate called to make inquiries about her. On being told of the visit some time later, Mamie

exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had known when Goodie was here! She could have given me Aunt Carlie's recipe for muffins and rolls, and the *nurses* would enjoy them so much!"

STRAINS FROM THE CHOIR "WHOSE MUSIC
IS THE GLADNESS OF THE WORLD."

I know against all appearances that the universe can
receive no detriment; that there is a remedy for
every wrong and a satisfaction for every soul.

R. W. EMERSON.

Lo! the soul, above all science;
For it has history gathered like husks around the globe;
For it the entire star-myriads roll through the sky.

WALT WHITMAN.

I go to prove my soul;
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Always the flawless beauty, always the chord
Of the Overword,
Dominant, pleading, sure,
No truth too small to save and make endure.
No good too poor!

BLISS CARMAN.

Where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul shall scarcely know.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark.

HENRY VAUGHN.

I do not doubt that the passionately wept deaths of
young men are provided for, and that the deaths
of young women, and the deaths of little chil-
dren are provided for.

Did you think Life was so well provided for, and
Death, the purport of all life, was not provided
for?

FROM WHITMAN'S "ASSURANCES."

FAIRY KNITTING-NEEDLES.

In the spring of 1889, the last spring of May's life, there was a slight improvement in her condition. For a few weeks she was jubilant in the anticipation of sitting up, and perhaps moving about her room when fall came. With the first throb of increasing strength, she sought occupation. What could she do in the dark with those little hands? She tried knitting, but ordinary needles were too heavy for her to hold. Then we bought a slender pair, and broke them in two; and she began to knit with crimson silk. Those who do not know how excessively worn Mamie was may think it light work; but for one lying on her back in a dark room, with muscles long unused and poorly nourished, it was a strain to knit even with a silken thread, to take up

every stitch in its order, and keep the work even. Besides, her very joy at once more being able to use her hands exhausted her. However, she finished a small, dainty square, which was drawn over a pink silk sachet-bag, and given to her brother. Then she began a second silken square, but was not able to complete it.

“COME, MAMMA.”

Her strength ebbed rapidly. Again she lay motionless for hours; but those who sat by her could hear from time to time the one word, “Mamma,” come from her lips,—a low half-moan, half-cry, for the dear mother who had been long years at rest. As I watched with her a few nights before her death, the midnight silence was broken by a cry of anguish, the only one her long suffering wrung from her. It took form in her mother’s name,—

“Mamma! mamma!” And at the final hour her last words were, “Come, mamma!”

There was something strange in the fact that, although Mamie’s whole life was one of continued homesickness and longing for her mother, it was her father, who died still earlier and who seemed to be much less often in her thoughts, whose presence she felt and was comforted by.

In the first year of her illness she believed that her father came to her frequently. In the dangerous crisis of 1888 she said to me, “I saw papa last night.” I answered, “It is blessed to see him, even in a dream.” And May replied: “I did not see him *in a dream*: I SAW HIM. He seemed pleased with me.” She hesitated, as if she had not used quite the right word, and added, “I mean, satisfied.” This was the last time she spoke of seeing him; but, shortly before her death, she

told her nurse, sorrowfully, that her father had often come to her and comforted her, but he had stopped coming. She was afraid, dear little one, that it was because she was “not as good as she used to be.”

The following passage from Spenser is one that Mamie’s father before her had loved : —

And is there care in heaven ? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the cace
Of men, than beasts. But O, th’exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed Angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!
How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant!

.

They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward :

O why should heavenly God to men have such regard ?

Mamie strove in every way to keep up her own courage. She made a practice of having beautiful thoughts and scenes in her mind as much as possible. A friend wrote to her, beginning the letter, "My poor, dear little sufferer." She revolted from such a mode of address: she felt it an indignity, almost an insult. Another friend began her letter, "My dear, brave little girl"; and Mamie's heart lightened and expanded as she read the strength-giving words.

When the final struggle came, it lasted about three weeks. But Mamie spoke and planned for many days after her temperature had fallen to that of a dying person, and when her pulse was scarcely percep-

tible. After she had lain ten days without food, she counted, with her own hands, money to be sent to the Children's Hospital ; and she planned gifts for three birthdays that did not come for weeks after her burial. At this time she asked her nurse if she thought she would rally again. Addie replied, "The doctor thinks you may." "O God, don't let it be!" was Mamie's cry. Then Addie said gently, "But, Miss Mamie, I don't think the doctor is right this time." And May was comforted, and planned in detail for those whom she was leaving, and for the day of rest, now her chief desire, when she should be freed from her suffering body. For many years, without shrinking from entering upon another life, Mamie had had extreme dread of the final physical change, and of being laid in the ground, away from her fellow-beings and the sunlight. But this fear left her entirely ; and, though her

death was one of singularly prolonged and unmitigated suffering, she had no tears, no clinging to life, no fear of "the Beyond," — she welcomed it.

After hours of anguish, with the words, "Come, mamma!" her unrest ceased, she breathed more and more softly; and we hardly knew when the end came.

The doctor who attended Mamie during the last three years of her life had her perfect love and confidence, and his friendship was a never-failing support. When the closing hour came, and every palliative had vainly been tried, her beloved physician, who had been away all night, at last arrived. He could do nothing but hold the dear hand that loved thus to be assured of his nearness; but from the moment he entered the room her distress decreased, her restlessness was soothed. His presence seemed to

ease her. The last breaths were drawn gently and peacefully ; and so she passed away, one hand in his and one in mine. It was Sunday, August 4, 1889.

In life May and her beloved physician had talked together of the here and the hereafter, of literature and religion, of beauty in all its forms, of whatever makes life earnest, full, and rich ; but of these conversations, which made the one bright moment in many a dark day, I have no details.

“When I am dead,” she had said to me, “when I am dead, do not leave me alone till you take me to Greenwood. And let all be light and bright in the house, with plenty of flowers, and children, if there are any to come ; for I’ve wanted them near me, but the pain was too great.” And so, when her pain ceased, I lay close beside her for three nights, before we went to Greenwood, and

slept ; for was she not well and happy and free, and exploring the universe of beauty and goodness ?

And in the day the long-closed shutters were thrown open ; and we gathered about her,— her girlhood friends and her brothers. We talked of old times and read old-time letters, and her name was constantly on our lips ; while we women put the stitches in the white robe, fashioned just as she had directed, in a way “ to save work.”

“ MAMIE’S DAY.”

On August 7, 1889, “ Mamie’s day,”—her “ coronation day,” her pastor called it,—when May’s friends gathered for the last time for her dear sake, the room was full of light and flowers ; and a little child whom she tenderly loved sat at the side of the white flower-draped coffin. It was all as Mamie had wished. Her dear

face was absolutely serene. No lines marred it. Pain was there, but there was even more patience.

When the coffin was lowered into the grave, leafly-walled with fragrant bayberry always dear to Mamie, and the minister was saying the last words, little Fannie ran up and down the hillside, picking a flower here and there, and looking into the green-lined grave that had no terrors for the living child nor for her sleeping friend.

LAST WORDS OF LOVE.

Love, like the light, silently wrapping all.

WALT WHITMAN.

Under Mamie's pillow when she died
were many letters with unbroken seals.
One I will insert here:—

August 1, 1889.

Dear, dear Mamie,—I shall anxiously await further news from you, and hope that, though so severe, this attack may pass over as others have done. Perhaps you will not wish me to hope so. At any rate, you will let me hope and pray that you may not be called on to suffer too greatly. Should you leave this world, you certainly, if any one, are ready for a better, where I hope and believe you will be recompensed for all you have here suffered. Do you wish me to come to you? If so, let word be sent to me; and I will come. Dear Mamie, I will pray for you, though surely no prayers are needed for so pure a soul as yours.

Ever your loving friend, A.

From the many tender and appreciative letters that came after Mamie left us, I will give a few brief extracts.

A Western friend recalls Mamie as she was before she was wholly shut off from the world:—

I have thought of you many times, and of my brief glimpse of your lovely sister at Mrs. Peasley's, one afternoon so long ago. She seemed so sunny in disposition, so full of cheerfulness for others, notwithstanding her own suffering, that she was a wonder to me.

Full of interest in the busy world and its bright minds, she entertained us both that day, and almost made us forget how frail she was.

One of the dearest of all writes:—

However much we may persuade ourselves that dear little Mamie is better as she is, yet we cannot part from her without pain. I loved her dearly, and revered her patient, pure, and loving soul.

“Reverence” was the word that more than one friend bound with expressions of love for “dear little Mamie.” The earliest of all Mamie's friends, whom she had loved and cherished since they were both tiny creatures, four or five years old, now

the wife of a Western minister, wrote as follows:—

Dear little girl! for such she has always seemed to me, in spite of the long years of pain that passed over her head. The story of her life and death seems to me unutterably pathetic. I wish that some one would tell it, that the lesson of sweet unselfishness and brave submission to long months and years of agony might come to many lives, and make them better. So often, when in the midst of busy days I have been annoyed by trifles, the image of Mamie's sad lot, and her patience in it, have risen up to condemn me. I think that her memory will bless me all my life. But such a pang as there is in my heart when I think how little I have done to brighten her dark days during the years that lie behind me!

I *do* lead a busy life, with only one servant and four little children to care for and sew for. With innumerable outside calls, I am very, *very* occupied.

Day after day I have gone around thinking

of Mamie and of things to tell her, but rarely taking the time to do so. If only I had sent her a note,—if only one of four lines! But she has been on my heart, and my thoughts have flown to her sick-chamber with words of love and cheer over and over again.

When Mamie's friend, the Rev. C. G. Ames, was sent for to conduct the funeral, he replied:—

August 5, 1889.

Your sad despatch reaches me this hour, and I have telegraphed that I will come. Yet it is an occasion for congratulation rather than condolence. Yours and hers, C. G. A.

Mr. Ames wrote later:—

You ask what little memento of Mamie's I would like to have. I should be glad of anything which had been to her a subject of thought, as well as an object of love,—perhaps a book that had cheered her during the long, weary days. But, if you send nothing, I shall find it easy to

remember the dear life which was always to me a wonder.

.

I must not speak of Mamie's release as "loss" to any of us. I can only rejoice that she is no longer lying there in the shadows, chained in helpless suffering and panting to be free. And I feel sure that she has taken out of her short, earthly life far more that is worth keeping than most of us do under conditions we deem far more favorable. Not for herself has she lived in vain; and how much she has enriched *us* by her brightness, her insight, her great firmness of personality, and her more than heroic endurance! I love to tell you that my little part in her is more precious than a casket of jewels.

The lifelong love of a whole family, whose affection formed no small part of Mamie's riches, is expressed in these last words:—

I wish I could be with you to-morrow and

shed loving tears over your sweet sister's frail form before you lay it away to rest. Dear, noble soul! What will heaven with all its glory be to her lovely ransomed spirit! I always thought of her as I would of a beautiful angel, with its wings bound fast to earth. It seemed too hard that she should have to suffer in silence and darkness so many years. God revealed himself to her, I know, as he might never have done if her life had been one of joy and gladness. Now she knows why all these years have been so filled with exquisite suffering; and in that rest, immortal, eternal, her loving, active, generous soul will find full scope, and she will be with those she longed for.

KNEBWORTH, ENGLAND,
August, 1890.

HEART'S LOVE.

*For this losing is true dying;
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.*

.

*What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.*

R. W. EMERSON.

